

THE ACADEMY.  
December 5, 1908.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

# THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1909

DECEMBER 5, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

## "SCORPIO."

By J. A. CHALONER.

"... He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

'A fecund sight for a philosopher—  
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—  
That gem-bedeizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,  
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!  
His votaries doth Mammon there array,  
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;  
Spang'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,  
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;  
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;  
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—  
Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.  
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!  
But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some of them show the tender emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—THE ACADEMY, August 8, 1908.

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PART II.

Remarks in connection with Lectures delivered  
in the Royal Institution  
and in  
the Institution of Civil Engineers.

By WM. LEIGHTON JORDAN,  
M.R.I., Assoc. Inst. C.E.

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

At the present moment the fate of the "Education compromise" appears to "hang in the balance"—to adopt the phraseology of those Unionist papers which a week ago were denouncing as "fanatics" and wreckers" all those who declined to acquiesce in it. It is quite on the cards that by the time these lines appear in print the whole wretched tomfoolery will be at an end, which will be a sad thing for the "moderate men of all parties" of whom we have heard so much. In any case we are quite certain that Mr. Runciman's Bill has no more chance of becoming law than the Bills of Messrs. Birrell and McKenna. Meanwhile "the People" have had an opportunity at Chelmsford of giving expression to their "passionate desire for temperance reform" as embodied in the late lamented Licensing Bill. They have seized this unique opportunity, and turned a Unionist majority of 454 into one of 2,565. On the face of it this looks rather like a nasty rebuff for the Radical Government, but Mr. Dence, the defeated candidate, has provided a complete explanation of this otherwise inexplicable state of affairs. "We have lost," he says, "not because the majority of the electors are against us, but because every sort of pressure was brought to bear upon the voters by the clergy, by the squire, and by the farmer, and all that could be done to intimidate people was done." Mr. Dence is evidently a disciple of the Bishop of London in the matter of wholesale libel and slander. Like his reverend master in this delicate art, he has discovered that it is quite safe to make baseless and abominable insinuations against a whole body of people, though he would not dare to bring the same charges against an individual. If Mr. Dence were to mention the name of one single squire, or clergyman, or farmer whom he can accuse of intimidating voters he would almost certainly be sued for libel, and either sent to prison or condemned to pay large damages, but as long as he confines himself to vague generalities he is quite safe. Of course, allowances must be made for a defeated candidate, but it is not often, happily, that we are treated to such exhibitions of ill-tempered and unsportsmanlike foolishness as are supplied by Mr. Dence's childish remarks. The fact is that the agricultural labourers who, according to Mr. Dence, would have voted for him if they "could only realise that the ballot was secret" know just as much about the secrecy of the ballot as Mr. Dence knows, and a great deal more about agriculture and most other things that concern them.

We have been requested by the Bishop of Manchester to print a copy of his "Open Letter to the Bishops of the Church of England," which is "a plea from Lancashire against the Education Bill, 1908." We regret very much that, owing to unusual pressure on our space this week, we are unable to find a place for the letter, which consists of eleven pages of print. We may, however, strongly recommend all those Churchmen who are still in favour of peace at any price, to obtain a copy of it and to read it carefully. "The Committee," says the Bishop of Manchester, "is aware that much of the enthusiasm on behalf of the Bill arises from an impatient desire to get rid of a question which requires some expert knowledge to understand its bearings rightly." Even in the short space of time since the Bishop penned these words the "enthusiasm" to which he refers has almost entirely evaporated, thanks largely to the splendid stand he has made, but whether the Bill at present under consideration in the House of Commons becomes law or not, it is most important that people with votes or influence should endeavour to get a clear idea of the points at issue, as it is quite certain that if the Bill passes both Houses the whole thing will have to be fought out again in the near future. It has been proved that the newspapers on which the average man is wont to rely, with more or less success, for guidance and for a clear statement of the facts, have for some unknown reason flung serious argument to the winds and indulged in a wild, unreasoning howl for compromise. Among London dailies the *Standard* is the only exception. Most of the men who write on the subject in these papers seem to be utterly ignorant about the question, and it is to be hoped that the Bishop of Manchester has sent a copy of his letter to every newspaper office in England. If only one editor out of every ten takes the trouble to read it through, much will have been done to stem the torrent of utterly irrelevant and foolish babble about "peaceful settlements," "moderate opinion," and the rest of it.

We quote from the concluding part of the Bishop of Manchester's able and moving appeal to his brother-Bishops:

We have said nothing as to the morality of the proposed transfers, fearing that we could not say what we think without giving offence to you. We must hope on this point that you are right and that we are wrong as to the moral effect of the sanction given by our authorities to wholesale disregard of trusts. But, apart from this, the Bill means for us the loss of a school system which has been very dear to us and has cost many sacrifices. It means humiliation of our working men and women in the mills when they are forcibly dispossessed of the property for which they have toiled—their pride and a great centre of their spiritual life. It is no exaggeration to say that the loss of the schools is a more serious disendowment to them than would be even the loss of their churches. It means the unsettlement of all religious instruction, the opening of the teaching profession without let or restraint to men and women who have no religious faith at all, it means that such persons may enjoy all the prestige of State officials with all the power of moulding the young life of our children. All this will seem to have been done with your lordships' consent, in the name of religious peace. The result cannot but be disastrous to the Church. We implore you before it is too late to retrace your steps, and to say that now that you have seen the best offer that a friendly Government can make under Nonconformist influence, you cannot accept it."

Fortunately the fate of the Church Schools does not depend on the Bishops, who have almost unanimously expressed their willingness to hand them over to the enemy. Nevertheless, we cannot but hope that some among these will be moved to shame and repentance when they read the Bishop of Manchester's letter. In conclusion,

we shall remind our readers that the Bishop of Manchester, unlike most other Bishops, really represents his Diocese, and that he is not speaking merely for himself but for the whole body of that Diocese, which contains one-tenth of the whole population of England and Wales.

Our correspondent "Arch. G." writes enclosing a copy of the leaflet which has been issued by the Women's Liberal Federation to announce the Women's Suffrage Demonstration held to-day at the Albert Hall. On the back of this leaflet there are printed certain sayings of four "eminent statesmen" on the question of Women's Suffrage. Among them is the following by Mr. Herbert Gladstone: "I believe that the country would be made better and happier by the admission of women to the vote." So that it appears we were mistaken in saying in a recent issue that Mr. Gladstone was "known, to his credit, for his strong anti-Suffrage views." If the sentence quoted above really represents Mr. Gladstone's views, we are sorry, not because Mr. Gladstone's views are of very much importance one way or the other, but simply because we are always sorry to hear that any man is a supporter of female suffrage. No date, however, is attached to the quotation from Mr. Gladstone's speech, and it may well be that since he made the statement quoted by the Women's Liberal Federation he has changed his mind. Certain inhabitants of Australia were at one time convinced that it would be a great thing for Australia to introduce rabbits into the country. It sounded a most reasonable proposition on the face of it, and it was accordingly put into effect. The Australians have now, however, changed their minds on this point, and if the original introducers of rabbits into Australia were alive and could be secured, they would run a good chance of being lynched. We have no means of ascertaining Mr. Gladstone's present views on the Woman Suffrage question, but we should like to remind the Women's Liberal Federation that hundreds of thousands of men who used to be in favour of Women's Suffrage are now bitterly opposed to it.

From an article written by a person who signs himself "Jacob Tonson" in the *New Age* we cull the following paragraph:

Of course I had to admit that Lord Alfred Douglas, before he began to cut capers in the hinterland of Fleet Street, had been a poet. I have an early and unprocurable volume of his that, to speak mildly, is not for sale.

We dislike very much referring by name in these columns to the Editor of this paper, but we shall take this opportunity of pointing out that Lord Alfred Douglas has produced only two volumes of poetry—one called "Poems," which was published in Paris by the *Mercure de France*, with a French translation, and another entitled "The City of the Soul," published by Mr. Grant Richards. The "City of the Soul" went into a second edition a few months after publication, and the whole of the two editions are now sold out. The sale of the book was stopped by the bankruptcy of Mr. Grant Richards, and for some time it was impossible to obtain a copy. A new edition will shortly be issued by another firm of publishers. Of the edition of a thousand copies issued by the *Mercure de France* about nine hundred have been sold and the remainder are on sale, and can be obtained by writing to the *Mercure de France* or to any bookseller in London or Paris; moreover, editions of the complete poems, compiled from both volumes, have been published in Holland, in Austria, and in Italy. So that when "Jacob Tonson" asserts that he possesses an unprocurable volume he makes a serious blunder, and when he says that the book is not for sale he makes a further blunder of an even more serious nature. We have already, with the assistance of our solicitors, brought the *New Age* into an attitude of humble supplication, and if it were worth while the process could now be repeated. We prefer merely to put into the pillory a further sample of

the impudent misstatements which so distinguish the great Socialist pennyworth.

If Mr. Tonson, whose real name is probably Fish, knew half as much about poetry as he professes to know, he would be aware also that the poems which have during the past two years appeared from time to time in the columns of THE ACADEMY over the signature "A. D." are by Lord Alfred Douglas, who has no more given up being a poet than Mr. Tonson has given up being a writer of foolish paragraphs. And as for the "hinterland of Fleet Street," Lord Alfred Douglas writes for no other paper but THE ACADEMY, and he is not the "A. D." whose signature is so flourished by the *New Age*. It is quite evident that Mr. Tonson writes without knowledge, and indulges in sweeping assertions without being at pains to look into the facts. That he should be let loose in the *New Age* to make his aspersions and misstatements about a poet whom it is the merest justice to call a poet of European reputation does not reflect much credit upon the literary good faith of the *New Age*. And lest Mr. Tonson should rush into further rash print on the subject, we may as well inform him that the Dutch, Austrian, and Italian editions of Lord Alfred's poems are issued at the risk of their several publishers and were not suggested by Lord Alfred Douglas or his publishers, agents, or friends.

It appears that the *New Age* is to publish a Christmas Number, which will contain portraits of such genial Christmas souls as Messrs. Keir Hardie, Bernard Shaw, Victor Grayson, Sidney Webb, and H. N. Hyndman. We suppose that the Socialist babies will find this horrible collection of pictures in their stockings on Christmas morning. We feel a tenderness for those babies. But it seems that the *New Age* is not only determined to outrage Santa Claus, but that it has started a department for humorous vaticination:

"We prophesy," says the *New Age* solemnly, "that six months hence our Christmas Number will be selling at double its price of threepence, and in twelve months at four times its price. . . . We urge our readers to secure not merely one, but a dozen copies of this issue. . . . We shall print thirty thousand copies for a first edition, and repeat until the machinery breaks down."

"Until the machinery breaks down" is a "large order," unless the *New Age* machinery happens to be Socialistic machinery, in which case we will warrant it to break down quite early in the proceedings. Meanwhile we may note that there does not appear to have been a wild rush for our contemporary's issue of 3,300 6 per cent. preference shares of £1, for the company's prospectus is reprinted in the current issue of the paper, and "intending subscribers are urged to make application for shares at once." It seems to us that if people want to get money out of the *New Age* the best thing they can do is to buy the *New Age* Christmas Number for threepence, and sell it for sixpence in six months, or for a shilling in twelve months. We do not suppose that the 6 per cent. preference shares will be worth much more by the time another Christmas comes round.

It should be observed also that the directors are prepared to proceed to allotment on a subscription of £1,500, out of which they are to pay £300 in hard cash to Mr. Orage, one of the joint editors, together with a salary of £208 a year, while Mr. Frank Palmer, the publisher and manager of the *New Age*, is likewise to have a salary of £208 a year; so that, assuming that no more than £1,500 is subscribed, nearly half of it is to go in cash payments and salaries to the editor and manager. We do not think that these payments and salaries are at all excessive in the circumstances; but we are of opinion that the *New Age* will be well advised to get its £1,500 out of its enormous sales of the threepenny Christmas Number, and to leave the investing public alone. And if £1,500, or for that



matter £3,300, are really necessary to the concern, it seems to us that the sum should be subscribed at one fell swoop, as it were, by some of the rich Socialists whose names the *New Age* is so fond of flaunting. We remember that Mr. Bernard Shaw boasted a little while ago that he could get £3,000 for an epic of the length of "Paradise Lost." To a writer who can improve on Shakespeare the production of a better epic than Milton's should be a mere bagatelle. Why does not Mr. Bernard Shaw devote an hour or two to the job, and put the *New Age* out of its financial misery? Or still better, why does he not draw a cheque for the money and spare us the epic?

*Who's Who for 1909* has just been published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. It contains 2,112 pages of biographies as against the 2,039 pages for last year, so that genius and eminence in England would still appear to be rapidly on the increase. Out of a very large number of authors who figure in these pages we notice that only three describe themselves as men of letters—these three being Mr. Israel Zangwill, Mr. Louis Zangwill, and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. We now know what a man of letters really is. Mr. George Meredith is content to write himself down "novelist." Mr. Swinburne is set forward merely as the son of the late Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, and does not even put poet after his name. Mr. Watts Dunton, on the other hand, is "poet, novelist, and critic," if you please. To the student of human nature these small differences of view are highly interesting. And they go to show that modesty continues to be one of the attributes of greatness. We must congratulate the editor of *Who's Who* on another excellent issue, and particularly on the fact that it is an issue which contains no account whatever of the momentous lives of the Pankhursts, Drummonds, Maloneys and other palpitating souls who so desire to run the world. Even Lady Grove has to be content with a five-line notice *beneath* that of her husband. And she is not described as a Suffragist, but as the author of "Seventy-one Days' Camping in Morocco." This is better than twenty-one days in Holloway. Even Mr. Max Beerbohm does not boast in *Who's Who* of being a Suffragist. Which is as it should be.

Mr. Winston Churchill has published a new book, and pretty well every bookseller's shop of consequence is decorated with a brilliant poster representing Mr. Churchill in khaki leaned up against a blue rhinoceros in an attitude of "let 'em all come." Mr. Churchill seems to have had some remarkable adventures in North-East Africa, including an encounter with a procession of crocodiles a quarter of a mile long. It is understood that Mr. Churchill met this extraordinary assemblage of fierce reptiles with the cool remark "what a lot of teeth." Perhaps, however, this is an "odontological inexactitude," particularly as in his book Mr. Churchill mentions only the crocodiles, and not what he said. We shall probably review the great statesman's work at length on a future occasion. Meanwhile we cannot congratulate him on his literary style, which in places is very jerky and savours a good deal of the *Strand Magazine*, in the columns of which journal of light and leading the work originally appeared.

Just as we are going to press we are able to read the account of the proceedings at the meeting of the Representative Church Council at the Church House. The Archbishop, it appears, is still "not without hope" of carrying through his bargain. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to record the fact that Sir Alfred Cripps's resolution utterly condemning Mr. Runciman's Education Bill was passed by a large majority, the exact figures being 189 to 99. The minority included twenty-one Bishops out of twenty-four, which is pretty conclusive evidence of the utter failure of these State-appointed functionaries to represent either the clergy or the laity of their Dioceses.

## TO "A. D."

You took proud words and touched their meagre blood,  
You gave them wine and oil and the full grain,  
The rose of love, the sacraments of pain  
And Death and joy, and Beauty where she stood  
Ineffable, like a beatitude,  
And washed in silver dawns and golden rain;  
You would not stoop for praises or for gain,  
And you have wrought us nothing else but good.

They see your soul, on flaming vans of song  
Flash past the prisons, and they shake their bars  
With rage and malice; where there is no light  
They sit contriving mockeries and wrong;  
They know you have possessions in the stars,  
And they must spit at you their little spite.

T. W. H. C.

## "YOU LEAVE THE HORSE ALONE"

It is a fortunate thing, looked at from one point of view, that THE ACADEMY of last week went to press before the report of Mr. Arthur Balfour's first scathing attack in the House of Commons on the educational "compromise" had been made public. It will be remembered that we denounced this "compromise" in no measured terms, and we even went the length of suggesting that the attitude of the great majority of the Unionist papers could only be explained by the reflection that the "Nonconformists are very rich and very generous when the manufacture of public opinion is concerned." Well, it appears that Mr. Balfour holds just as strong views about this precious "compromise" as we do ourselves. And when all is said and done we suppose it will be admitted even by the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Mr. Balfour has certain claims to speak for the Unionist party which transcend those of the anonymous scribes who write leading articles for the penny and hapenny Unionist journals, to say nothing of our great and only daily three-pennyworth. According to most of these journals last week, any one who ventured to oppose the "compromise" so dear to the hearts of "Dr." Clifford and the Archbishop of Canterbury was a "wrecker," a "fanatic," and a "bad citizen." We say that it is fortunate that our attitude in the matter was made quite clear before Mr. Balfour had spoken, because it will be evident from this circumstance that our opinion was not arrived at on the strength of Mr. Balfour's authority, or on any authority but that of common sense and conviction. The situation of the Unionist papers as a whole now becomes a not very dignified or enviable one. They have to get out of their monumentally stupid blunder (if it be nothing worse) as best they may, for obviously even the anonymous leader-writers of Fleet Street can hardly continue to describe as "wreckers," "fanatics," and "bad citizens" the head of their own party and the overwhelming majority of that party who are at one with him on this point. They have the further mortification of finding that by their complacent stupidity they have played into the hands of the Radical and Nonconformist party. For instance, we have the *Star* of December 1st coming out with a leading article entitled "The Wrecker Again." The article, needless to say, is a violent attack on Mr. Balfour. Now everybody expects the *Star* to attack Mr. Balfour, and the attacks of the *Star* are of no more importance to Mr. Balfour or any other sane person than would be the praises of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But it is rather awkward for the *Pall Mall Gazette* that it should find itself in this position of agreement with the *Star* in attacking the head of the Unionist party and supplying it with a title for the article in which the attack is contained; at any rate,

it ought to be rather awkward for Mr. Astor's amazing organ. No doubt, by its action over the Education "compromise," it has won the approbation of "Dr." Clifford and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as Lord Robert Cecil neatly put it, may be likened to the buyer and seller of a horse. "Here is a horse," says the Archbishop, hereinafter called the Vendor, "a very fine, well-bred animal, warranted sound and free from vice. I understand you want to buy it; well, I offer it to you for sale." And "Dr." Clifford, hereinafter called the Purchaser, who has had his eye on this particular horse for a very long time, eagerly jumps at the opportunity of purchase.

This is our great "compromise;" and what could be more delightful and charitable and tolerant and brotherly and beautiful? Shame on the miserable fanatics and wreckers who would venture to try to upset such a pleasant and friendly deal! Of course, there is the question of the price which is to be paid for the horse, but that is a mere matter of detail; the great point is that the Archbishop has agreed to sell the horse, and that "Dr." Clifford, speaking through his agents and humble servants, the present Radical Government, has agreed to purchase it. At this point in the proceedings—to the horror and amazement and disgust and sorrow and breast-beating indignation of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the other Unionist papers (with one or two exceptions, of course)—"the wrecker," in the person of the Leader of the Unionist party, comes on the scene and gently but firmly points out, *imprimis*, that the aforesaid horse does not happen to belong to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but to a large company of persons who don't want to sell the horse at all at any price whatever. Secondly, that even if this large company of persons did happen to want to sell their horse they would be unreasonable enough to require to know exactly what was the price offered; moreover, that they are such sharp and suspicious people that they would actually like to see "the colour of the money" of the dear kind good benevolent brotherly "Dr." Clifford before allowing him to lead the noble animal out of the stable. Thirdly and lastly, incredible as it may appear, these grasping persons have the temerity to pretend to a certain amount of sentiment about their horse, and they would like to have an assurance that he is to continue to be used as a horse, within the meaning of the Act, and not converted into sausages or dogs'-meat. It is all very sad and terrible and incomprehensible and disappointing for the dear good kind Archbishop and his charming old friend "Dr." Clifford. The first has got to learn the hard lesson that the servant, however trusted, is not the master. We have all heard of, and some of us have had experience of, the stud-groom who gets in course of time to look upon his master's horses as his own property, or the head-gardener who won't allow his employer to interfere with the flowers. For the sake of their honesty, their sobriety, and the good characters which they brought from their former places, many a kind-hearted master foolishly submits to this most intolerable form of tyranny on the part of old and trusted servants. But even the most foolish and good-natured master that ever breathed will draw the line somewhere, and we imagine that he would draw the line very sharply and decisively when Mr. Martingale began to negotiate for the barter and exchange of his favourite hunter, or when Mr. Andrew McGlasshouse began to "compromise" about the grapes and the orchids with the local market-gardener. To drop parables and come to plain English, the Archbishop of Canterbury is the servant and not the master of the Church of England; and, however good and kind and simple and single-hearted he may be, he has no right whatever to be bargaining and "compromising" over the Church Schools. They don't belong to him, and he has received no instructions to sell them from those to whom they do belong. As to "Dr." Clifford the purchaser, he has got to digest the unpalatable fact that his offers of friendliness and brotherliness are regarded, by most people who do not happen to be Archbishops or Simple Simons, with distrust and suspicion. He may appear to the eye of confiding or

time-serving prelates in the figure of a lamb, but to the rank and file of the clergy and laity of the Anglican community his feats in the "compromising" line appear very much like those of a ramping not to say a roaring lion.

## THE PURIFICATION OF "PUNCH"

In an imperfect world there are curious happenings. We pointed out a couple of weeks back that *Punch* (by way of a joke) had preferred an impertinent charge against the editor of this paper. We called on Mr. Seaman to justify or withdraw, and, while we were about it, we made public our opinion of *Punch* and Mr. Seaman and Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, and we justified what we had to say by reference to their own public acts. To the astonishment of a stupid world which is anxious to believe that Mr. Punch is the soul of honour, he makes what he would be pleased to call his "bow" in yet another issue without explaining how he came to be base enough to accuse the editor of a contemporary of a grave journalistic lapse without a shadow of reason for so doing. Neither has he explained how it came to pass that he printed opposite this malicious reflection a page of advertisements from persons whom THE ACADEMY has had occasion to rebuke. Mr. Punch must of course do all that in him lies to save his face, and his only way of salvation in the instance before us lay in abject silence. But even his admirers will now know him for a poltroon. We shall let him go at that, and Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew and Seaman will probably sleep the sweeter when we inform them, as we hereby do, that the incident is closed so far as THE ACADEMY is concerned. We have to announce further, that our challenge of last week has not been taken up. We leave it open till further notice, so that if Mr. Seaman happens at any time to have a sudden access of the divine afflatus, or Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew or Mr. E. V. Lucas feel equal to a little public reading from certain authors, they may send round to this office without hesitation. Meanwhile we shall endeavour to bestow a few words of approval on the current number of *Punch*. We note with extreme joy that while Mr. Punch's issue is just as full of advertisements as ever it was, he has taken to heart our comments as to his rat-poisons, sore-leg ointments, and hair-curlers. These advertisements, and particularly the rat-poisons, have been swept away. Not one of them remains, and though their places have been for the most part filled up with whisky advertisements, we think that on the whole the public is to be congratulated. When Mr. Punch advertises whisky by itself he is probably joking; but when he advertises rat-poisons along side of it the possibilities become rather serious. For example, we will suppose that some grinning admirer were to get profoundly drunk on one of Mr. Punch's vast selection of whiskies and to argue with himself that as the *Punch* whisky was good the *Punch* rat-poisons might be better, especially as Christmas is coming on and money is desperately tight—what would happen? We do not think that people who can laugh over Mr. Seaman or Mr. E. V. Lucas should be invited to keep rat-poison in the house, and we are glad to find ourselves able to imagine that Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew agree with us. We make no doubt that the rat-poisons concerned are of excellent quality, and capable of achieving all that is claimed for them by their vendors; but it is obvious that they cannot be very good for people who indulge in the flowing *Punch*-bowl. We have made this jest ethereally mild in order that it may be properly comprehended, not to say roared over, by the bald-headed elect for whom *Punch* is "a weekly feast of delight." To cut a long story short, we consider that the quality, or, at any rate, the appropriateness, of the advertisement pages in *Punch* for December 2nd is greatly improved, and we accordingly offer our congratulations to the management.

We now wish solemnly to convey our congratulations to



Mr. Punch's proper literary staff. Let them please stand up and accept this beautiful bouquet. They have actually managed to produce an entire issue without once mentioning, or as much as hinting at, the names of Messrs. Chesterton, Belloc, and Shaw. Clearly we have here an achievement of the very highest merit, and while perhaps it is no affair of ours, we think that it would be graceful of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew if, in consideration of the exhilarating circumstances, they were to hand to Mr. Seaman, Mr. Lucas, and an humble following of wits and wags, free second-class tickets for a week-end at Brighton, including, of course, hotel expenses and admission to the pier. When a firm is well served it becomes it to display a kindly interest in its employes, and Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew were never more sublimely or competently served by their intelligent and eager staff than they have been during the past week. To keep out Chesterton, Belloc, and Shaw must not be counted merely an affair of the blue pencil. It is a matter which must have involved unthinkable restraint on the emotions and intellect, and the amount of toil and perspiration that Mr. Punch's young gentlemen have had to put into the process staggers the imagination. The country at large, however, will be grateful, and therein will lie the reward of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, out of which reward they can well afford the price of the aforesaid week-end tickets. We should hope also that Mr. Cockatoo Lucy—the sweetest thing that ever grew before a cottage door—will use his tremendous influence in political circles, with a view to securing for Mr. Owen Seaman a C.M.G. and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his noble and heroic action in the matter. Of course THE ACADEMY, which would appear to be the actual author of Messrs. Chesterton, Belloc, and Shaw's summary banishment, wants nothing—not even a page advertisement of the forthcoming *Punch* exhibition.

While England is the gainer by what has happened, however, Messrs. Chesterton, Belloc, and Shaw will be distinct losers. Publicity is a wonderfully useful thing for public persons of mediocre talent, and Mr. Punch's methods of publicity have no doubt fitted in admirably with the advertising programme of England's three abounding mediocrities. From the pure point of view of commerce, we should advise Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew to keep their extinguisher firmly down; for, paradoxical as it may seem, Messrs. Chesterton, Belloc, and Shaw are pretty sure to feel something of a draught in consequence of their expulsion from *Punch*, and it seems possible that rather than be for ever excluded they may take it into their heads to have recourse to Mr. Punch's valuable advertisement columns. G. B. S. advertised cheek by jowl with "Johnnie Walker," Chesterton by the side of "Pop-in-Taw"—a game which we understand produces shrieks of laughter—and Belloc lording it beautifully over Eno's Fruit Salt would be nearly as good as the best, and a marked improvement on Richards, Heinemann, and Duckworth. But, on the whole, we must forgive Mr. Punch—which is not forgiving Mr. Seaman—and we must note with unfeigned gladness that our dear old friend with the hump recognises that criticism should not be despised, and that when you point out to him his faults it is his duty to do what in him lies to abate them.

## JOHN DAVIDSON'S PADDOCK FINALS

It seems that Mr. John Davidson has been round with his whipping to an evening contemporary. The journal in question derives the greater portion of its revenue from the publication of sporting news, starting-prices, the finals of Captain Coe and the trebles of Old Joe. In the same issue as Mr. Davidson's lament over his sore back the whole of these beautiful features appear, and we can only conclude that when next Mr. Davidson wishes to assail us he will send his *ex parte* complaints to the *Jockey* or the *Diamond Special* or *The Stable Boy's Whisper*. Mr.

Davidson says that his trouble is not about himself, but about "the highest interests of letters." One would have imagined, therefore, that he would have selected for his court of appeal some such journal as the *Athenæum*, or the *Saturday Review*, or perhaps even the *Spectator*. Probably the editors of these journals would not have been keen to print the sweepings from THE ACADEMY waste-paper basket, so that Mr. Davidson was compelled to rest his manly brow on the broad bosoms of the husky-voiced gentlemen who "spot the winner" for you. Mr. Davidson is not concerned for himself, but for "the highest interests of letters." We believe that if he had given the interests of letters, rather than himself, a moment's thought he would have refrained from publishing his late atheistical and impudent poem; and we believe, further, that, if he cared a bawbee about the interests of letters rather than the interests of John Davidson, he would have refrained from making a spectacle of himself in the *Bookmakers' Friend*. Of course there are wheels within wheels, and among the colleagues of Captain Coe and Old Joe—perhaps the rhyme will tickle the alert ear of Mr. Davidson—there is a Mr. James Douglas, who is also a contributor to *M.A.P.*, and consequently esteems himself a very powerful literary critic. On Saturday evening last that ever was this Mr. James Douglas came out in his appointed column with a vast appreciation of Mr. Davidson's poem. He explained to the starting-price world at large that Mr. Davidson is a man of genius, and that Mr. Davidson's "Testament" is a marvellous, wonderful, and shining work. Here is a little of Mr. James Douglas:

Mr. Davidson writes for men, and only men can wrestle with him. If you have no imagination you need not try to enjoy his strong-winged music. It is not the music of poetic platitude and literary convention. It is the music of a strong man who has outgrown the banalities of verse and who beats his own song out of his own soul. It is not a mean little soul warbling meanly about little things. It is a great soul which confronts the universe of thought and imagination and wrings out of it a harmony of meaning. In order even to hear this song you must be mature, you must be masculine, you must be at one with the best thought of the best minds. Mr. Davidson takes your growth for granted, and he does not attune his voice to the pitch of compromise. His courage is the courage of the imagination, and it is foolish to treat it as a product of the lower reason. Imagination is the higher reason. I do not wonder that Mr. Davidson's poetry is misunderstood, as Shelley and Blake were and are; misunderstood. He is a poet who is only a few thousand years in advance of the unimaginative multitude. It is his business to be misunderstood.

Mr. James Douglas keeps on in this beautiful strain for pretty well half a column. The effect on people who go racing will no doubt be admirable. But it is singular that nowhere in the course of his melliferous pæan does Mr. Douglas quote a single line of Mr. Davidson's so powerful production. Now James Douglas is an old and fairly cunning reviewer of books. He confines himself to no particular branch of his journalistic art, and will notice indifferently a volume of philosophy, a volume of minor poetry, and a volume of stupid "humour" in one and the same breath. And when poetry is toward, his chief stand-by, of course, is quotation. Why does he not quote from Mr. John Davidson? Well, it is necessary to keep up some sort of a show of reason, even in journals which are concerned with racing predictions, and Mr. James Douglas is perfectly well aware that he would be hard put to it to find a passage in John Davidson's "Testament" which would not prove him to be unfaithful to his duty when he acclaims in terms of such exalted praise this clumsy production of a wicked mind. We have already quoted in this paper several passages from the "testament" which Mr. Douglas does his best to thrust down the throats of the readers of his journal. Two of them—one in prose and one in verse—we shall be at the trouble to repeat:

My Lords, there is no Other World; there never was anything that man has meant by Other World; neither spirit, nor mystical behind the veil; nothing not ourselves that makes for righteousness, no metaphysical abstraction. Time is a juggler's trick of the sun and the moon. There is only matter, which is the infinite, which is space, which is eternity; which we are.

"I know of Him,"

I said, eager to speak. "The sorcery Whereby he seemed to quell the other gods Was twofold. First and foremost, reiterant Assertion of supreme dominion, *I Am I; there is no God but Me*, assailed The Jewish mind for ages, and destroyed The sense of hearing for the voice of gods Less arrogant. To make Himself renowned Beyond all rivalry, in mythic times Jehovah had proclaimed Himself the world's Creator, never imagining that men Would wrest its secret from the Universe. Howbeit, long before we understood That all things of themselves evolved, His boast— He had pronounced the whole creation good!— Exposed him to derision:—great indeed, The world was and will always be, but good It never can become."

Why did Mr. James Douglas not quote the forgoing or similar passages and thus give the strong men of Newmarket and Lingfield and Hurst Park an opportunity of judging for themselves whether Mr. Douglas's estimate of Mr. Davidson is anything like a just or reasonable estimate, and whether, when all is said, Mr. Davidson is a man with whom strong men will find it worth their while to wrestle? Mr. Douglas prefers to do his best to make sales by the use of superlatives, and by a wanton suppression of the facts in respect to the book, and he leaves his readers under the impression that here is a fine piece of poetry, and that if they find it disgusting and distressing, it is because they are persons with no imagination and born a thousand years too late to comprehend the massive mentalities of Mr. Davidson and Mr. James Douglas. Until these wonderful seers who, after all, are merely the Hyde Park "secularists" with a smattering of literary attainment, will go the length of assuring us that these passages really mean the exact contrary of what is plainly said in them we shall consider both Mr. Davidson and Mr. Douglas impertinent and impious persons—impertinent to their fellow-men and impious to the Deity Who put the breath in their bodies. And if they are "misunderstood," as Shelley and Blake were "misunderstood"—who, by the way, were never misunderstood in the way that Mr. Davidson complains of being misunderstood—they should endeavour for the future to refrain from the misuse of words. As it is, we do not believe that Mr. John Davidson is likely to be misunderstood by anybody. The fact is that he is a wild egoist who has written a brutal atheistic pamphlet. He knows that his pamphlet is atheistical, but he cannot brook that it should be so labelled. He tells you plainly that there is no God, and then he whines if you tell him what manner of person it is who has said in his heart that there is no God. "You misrepresent me" he howls, "and you garble me, and I shall tell the *Star* newspaper about you." Well, so far as we are concerned, the *Star* newspaper is quite welcome to clear out Old Joe and Captain Coe, and print John Davidson and James Douglas and bald *Freethinker* for the next thousand years. It will never convince us or anybody else that Mr. Davidson's "Testament" is not an atheistical and dangerous piece of writing, discreditable to Mr. Davidson, discreditable to poetry, and discreditable to the time in which we live. It seems desirable for us to add that Mr. Davidson exhibits an inclination to take up the cudgels for Mr. John Long and Mr. Hubert Wales in the matter of an improper book which THE ACADEMY has lately condemned. Mr. Davidson regards our attitude and action in the matter as "a menace to freedom."

The *Star* newspaper is a great champion of freedom, and we shall be glad to hear whether, if Mr. Long and Mr. Wales were agreeable to the issue of the pornographic story in question serially in the *Star*, the editor of the paper would be prepared to publish it in his columns. We believe that Mr. Parks is a "smart" journalist, and there can be no question that such publication would give an enormous impetus to his circulation. But he simply dare not do it. Why should he therefore permit Mr. John Davidson to make use of his columns for the purpose of assuring the hapenny public that THE ACADEMY is a menace to freedom? We have now given Mr. John Davidson the advertisement after which his soul thirsts, and he is welcome to make a present of his reply to the *Star*, who, we hope, will not "garble" him by omitting a colon.

## WITH THE HARRIERS

How few of the clients of the Muses can attain to the glories of our British Saint Sam, of whom the astonished Nimrods said, to his sincere glee, "Johnson rides as well as the most illiterate fellow in England"! The rest of us, who chiefly back a steed of the study and armchair breed, and bridle that restive and unruly beast the pen, are conscious and deplore that neither in saddle nor the cushion shall we gather Johnson's laurels. But who of us can reach middle-age, thin hair, and an assured position upon Parnassus or in Fleet Street without some longing, lingering looks at the hale fellows who farm, or the lusty, brawny idlers who wave their hats and shout mysterious warcries, as puss canters by? But if we do farm—that is another tale; if we do hunt, how ill we fare! The morning is a juicy, steamy, gentle one, and we mount, dimly dissatisfied with the groom's cheerful optimism, who says that "he is just up for it"—meaning the horse. So he seems, for he goes along sideways, with a jogging, uneasy movement that betokens wrath to come. Then he puffs and snorts, and tosses his nose in an alarmist spirit, and is obviously asking if his rider feels quite at ease, and also if he wears spurs, which mine host thought better away. Luckily the meet is three miles away, and the fellow-riders wish to go very steadily, so that one has time to peep and botanise. What? there are cleavers 6in. high, and a blaze of dandelion lights up a southern bank; and, wonderful, there is a baby wren—no, a family of them, and some young oak shoots in the bronze stage. But here Oscar, as they call the tall steed, closes all observation which does not centre upon himself, for the Master is fizzing up in a motor-car, and Oscar deplores these newfangled devices, snorts, and makes movements as if he were a boat in a heavy swell. A confused sea of heads and tails tossing adds to the illusion, but this is a mere feint it seems, and he soon settles down into his quite endurable joggle. The sun comes out and the wet drops sparkle on every hedge in pendants and across the fields in sheets of diamonds. The hounds have arrived, already muddy-looking, and they huddle together, while every one smokes cigarettes and remarks upon the joy of December pretending to be June. Oscar stands as if he were a police-horse, and everybody is glad to see everybody else, and seems to exchange moral approval as though his conscience were uneasy. Then gentlemen in green (heaven only knows which are masters and which men) blow small trumpets and trot into an orchard, whither the inquiring Oscar also strays, with no sense of boughs so long as he can clear them himself. Suddenly a long, lean, tan dog begins to rush, and the whole dog congregation becomes electric. A whimpering whine rises, *crescendo*, with overtones and under-tones, accelerating into an organ-like roar, and the horses point their ears, arch their necks, and then there is a sort of *sauve qui peut*. Oscar chases the tail of a glossy black mare whose rider lisped in a deceitful and effeminate way. Surely that Jack o' Dandy will make no passage perilous? But the prevaricator steers for a horrible blackberry-bush through which black water shivers, and his diabolic mare goes half over and half through this



achievement, as the heralds call it. Oscar leaps into space, and all the wickedness of his rider's life rises like a flash to the shaken brain; but he has missed the black ditch, landed elastically on a strip of turf, and is helter-skelter down a green grove before the rider fully knows he is reprieved. A gate looms against the grey skyline. The first man clears it, but a most merciful farmer—may his barns burst with foison!—opens it, and Oscar sails through into a long, green meadow, all cut into horrid squares by sharp-edged grooves. Oscar takes these in his stride, and now is close upon the hounds, who are singing no more, but snuffing at a low hedge nearly choked with yellow grass-stems. From half the compass horses canter up in a splashed and sweaty state. Something ominous is about to take place. All of a sudden, without hint or craving from his discernible rider, Oscar leaps over the low hedge, and not twenty feet in front of his nose a wet, rabbit-creature crawls out of the hedge and the pack are six feet behind it. The lean, tan hound opens his mouth, and all one sees is a rabblement of dogs, who seem tailed out of all proportion to their number, until a man in green is cracking a whip, and they kaleidoscope back into individuals with one tail apiece, and there on the wet green lies a thin, dark, lank, bowelless thing which only an hour ago was a round, fawn-coloured, flap-eared denizen of faëryland. A boy picks it up and takes it to a farm, and one feels a little out of heart at the sight. But there is no time for regrets; the small trumpet brays, and we walk over the soft grass for another hare, which they seem to fancy has gone across some turnips into a small coppice, but which they cannot discover, although every one says that they work very cleverly and pick out a line of their own, whereat one wonders with a foolish face of praise, and simulates to understand. But there is the lovely spindleberry, quite a rarity and most lovely, with its little pink cheesecake berries, which contain bright scarlet pips, and dangle in most decorative clusters. It is a small thing to gather a bunch, but how retain them if Oscar hears that whimper and starts rushing? Luckily they are not going to find again to-day, and instead one has talk of an unexpected kind. A thoroughly tanned and clear-eyed gentleman is discussing whether Dante really believed his own ideas. Somebody else is explaining that a hare runs on its nails and has less scent than any mammal, from the skunk downwards. A third is talking politics—whether Stodgers has a safe seat in Stoke Tristram. So we walk over the meadows in little groups until the shadows lengthen and the blue smoke ascends in thin columns from the etched lines of the cottage roofs and chimneys and at last we come back, unsatiated, to an absurd mockery of a meal called tea; but all night long one sways with an imaginary saddle and smells the fresh-crushed wet autumn grass, where the hoofs leave broad, dark trails. A sarcastic lady asks how often we have been unseated and what we bring home in the way of brushes. Reader! hare-hunting is its own reward. Not so much as a tooth-brush is given even to the first of the field. *Experto crede.* But if all were confessed and chronicled of fears, neural tremors, looseness of intercommunication with one's horse, fervent prayers that one might not be called upon to leap, and ardent desire that "the buret" should cease before death comes unawares, then how shame would overwhelm the rider! But black care seems to be always upon the crupper or the pillion or the withers or some part of a horseman's outfit. Indeed, he can hardly be a classic rider without such a co-heir to his saddle, and must rest well content that the co-heir was not left sole hereditary and executrix of that slippery holding.

### CRASHAW

DR. INGE, in his excellent Bampton Lectures upon the Mystics, has reminded us that we have more and better Christian mystic poetry than any other nation; but we are ignorant or careless about it. One of the saintliest of our poets was Richard Crashaw, Cowley's friend and senior. Too quickly despairing of the Catholic Faith in

its English dress, and aghast at the stress of the years 1642-4, he became a Roman Catholic, and found it necessary to leave his University, his country, and all his friends for his religion. When Queen Henrietta went over to Paris, with Cowley in her train, the poor singer was found nearly starved, being but "a meer scholar and shiftless." Cowley's kindness sent him to Rome, where influence was brought to bear upon his case, and he was made a Canon at Loretto, whither he hastened only to die in 1649, a pathetic figure of a white and stainless life, who in Paradise, as his friend wrote, needed "not to make new songs, but say the old," in his newer, better company. It seems a pity that he should be remembered only by a small clan for his "Sospetto d'Herode" and by his larger circle for his pretty "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress." These are great poems, no doubt; but Crashaw has enough beside them to make him anyhow a poet of distinction. No one, unless we count the late Francis Thompson, wishes to revive his manner in a far different age; but to understand him in his stately period and watch him among the craftsmen of the elaborate, ornate, and subtle art, is to know and love a great spirit and a great poet and one who meditated patiently and came to conclusions often surprisingly modern. Among other things Crashaw was a true musician as well as poet, and this is a combination much more rare than might be supposed. Melodious verse and a sweet voice are often found in poets who are ignorant or impatient of music as a study and an art. In fact there could not well be poets who were technical musicians much before Crashaw, for the seventeenth century is the birth-time of that more abstract conception of music which allows it a message different from that of poetry, and does not confine it to the place of a necessary underling to verse. That larger conception gave birth to purely instrumental music, and it always takes some time before new methods can find their place in poetry. How long had railway trains been in existence before any one sang of them as James Thompson (B.V.) did? or as Mr. Kipling has done, when "Romance drove up the nine-fifteen"? The poets are the greatest conservatives, and Wordsworth spoke their natural note when he asked indignantly, "Heard'st thou that whistle?" But Crashaw saw the romance in the new art of his day, and saw both the woe and the joy of what was before the discoverers. There is something astonishingly prophetic as well as poetic in his "Music's Duel." The contest is between the old sweet melodies of the natural style and the new Lute's Master with his elaborate harmonies. As Du Maurier noticed in "Trilby," where a small singer goes to have lessons in the music schools, she was unable to acquire the operatic method, and lost all her own pretty natural graces. So it always happens. A new art is destructive. Harmony has been a perfect Herod in the sweet nurseries of melody. Any man who studies folk-song must see how cramped, how stereotyped and immobile are the melodies written to please the harmonist compared with those free, active, harmony. There is, and there was, Music's duel. This joyful melodies which know neither harmonist nor Crashaw sets forth as a contest between a nightingale and a musician—between natural music, that is to say, and art work:

He lightly skirmishes on every string,  
Charg'd with a flying touch; and straightway she  
Carves out her dainty voice as readily  
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,  
And reckons up, in soft divisions,  
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know  
By that shrill taste she could do something too.  
His nimble hands, instinct, then taught each string  
A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing  
To their own dance; now negligently rash,  
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash  
Blends all together, then distinctly trips  
From this to that, then quick returning skips  
And snatches this again, and pauses there.  
She measures every measure, everywhere  
Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt,  
Not perfect yet and fearing to be out,

Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note  
Through the sleek passage of her open throat—  
A clear unwrinkl'd song.

It is difficult to stop quotation when there are so many lovely lines. "With her sweet self she wrangles." But he "tickles the tattling strings" in reply and brings in harmony. Then

The grumbling base  
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;  
The high perch'd treble chirps at this and chides,  
Until his finger, moderator, hides  
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all  
Hoarse, shrill, at once.

The nightingale melodist replies with sweeter and heavenlier and riper song,

Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest ;  
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky  
Wing'd with their own wild ecchos pratt'ling fly.

But the musician turns to larger harmonies in reply, and invokes "sweetness by all her names," and at length "A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all." The poor perplexed melodist, finding how vain is the contest armed only with one

Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone,  
fails, grieves, and falls dead upon the lute :

O, fit to have,  
That lived so sweetly!—dead, so sweet a grave!

This poem is like all the poetry of Crashaw's set, a poem of thought as well as of perception. It is a criticism as well as a poem. The meditative work is not confined to the style and manner, but extends to the matter.

## THE MEETING

WEARY, perhaps, of the pageant of day, Time took from his wallet the mystic hour and cast it down the skies, where it burst silently into golden flame—that wonderful hour, unfamiliar to dwellers in the country, when London city has a soul, and to her lovers becomes wholly theirs. Over the river the west wind breathed dreamily; brown sails burned to red, bridges blurred their sharp outlines; on the south side the factories, chimneys, and gaunt, straddling cranes changed to the ramparts and outworks of some Stygian region, struck into stillness by a magic spell. But in the north—London herself—towered the Abbey, aloof and splendid, with meanings undiscovered and undesired in the broad glare of noon, and the great stone Halls of Parliament slept like a lion couchant by the edge of the murky stream. In Oxford Street the lamps seemed crystal globes into which had been poured some of the liquid fire of the sky, so near were they to its colour; and where, at the end of the vista, hung crimson canopies of cloud from and towards which wound a tangle of wavering lights, one might well imagine some profound ceremony of worship and adoration at the portals of a strange, rich city of dreams.

Two of these moving points of light, threading their way eastward, revealed a woman's pale, proud face, and as the hansom slowed in a press of traffic she closed her eyes as though she were tired—not so much physically weary as strained in thought. Clearly silhouetted against the dusky cushions, her profile showed like a rare, frail cameo; her delicate Northern beauty was perfected by a wave of hair unconfined by veil or net that shone softly in the obscurity, and many fugitive eyes noted her as the crowd pushed past, a few gratefully, as though glad for a glimpse of something exquisite and comforting in their monotonous lives, some curiously, others hungrily. The crush thinned; the hansom drove on and diverged until it entered the gloom and clang of Charing Cross Station. She alighted, telling the driver to wait.

The homeward boat-train was nearly due, and she paced slowly the length of the busy platform, the slight flush born of her thoughts giving her something in common with the sun-browned humanity all about her. She breathed

quickly; her eyes, blue and challenging, heeded none of the covert glances that sought her own, but merely lifted impatiently now and then to the clock.

Two men, silk-hatted, frock-coated, regarded her with well-bred carelessness as they passed, and suddenly interchanged a look of comprehension; keeping step with an easy, confident swing, they met her continually in their promenading and observed her subdued excitement, her evident but suppressed air of expectancy. Once she raised her hand and arm, encased in spotless, perfectly fitting white kid, to her brow as if to calm herself; she was almost feverishly restless.

The station, darkened in with grotesque shadows, had become mysterious in the clash of lights; pillars of steam from moving engines rose thunderously into the vault, expanded to heavy cumulus clouds, and disintegrated in flakes of whirling cirrus among the black girders overhead. A curtain of gauze seemed to have fallen unperceived before every object; the headlights of cautiously-advancing trains cut yellow cones through the sombre atmosphere, and the flat bar of sky in the south, which a short while before overflowed with crimson from the pools of the west, failed to a dun, soiled brown, specked with green and red eyes, bitten by still discernible, attenuated signal-posts. The green and red eyes stared, winked, and changed.

Presently a vague movement took place among the crowd; the place became more brilliant; cumbrous luggage-trolleys lumbered along towards the barriers; there was a general diffused excitement and bustle. Amid harsh, bewildering noises of brass and iron the train emerged from the thickening vapours and ran in, slowing steadily, thin wreaths of steam hissing from the huge, speedy-looking locomotive; as she came to a stop the valves opened with a roar through which strident voices cut brief, intersecting by-ways of sound. The woman, her eyes gleaming, her faced transformed with a blush, lifted her dress daintily and swung it round as she walked forward. The two men also went quickly up to the train.

From one of the first-class carriages stepped a tall, clean-shaven man who turned to assist his wife in her step from the foot-board—a woman with dark eyes which flashed a smile at him as her hand rested for a moment on his. The man walked on a few paces, apparently looking for some one; then, seeing his two friends, he rushed forward impetuously. They exchanged hearty, familiar greetings. Just then the woman who had been waiting caught sight of him and turned eagerly in his direction. At the moment his wife, who had followed more slowly, joined the group; he drew his hand through her bended arm, and presented her; they stood laughing and chatting loudly in the surge of escaping steam. The solitary woman overheard as she came close to them, and checked herself; making as though to pass on, she paused an instant, bewildered. The new arrival, glancing up, met her desperate eyes as she hesitated; he raised his hat and recognised her with a courteous inclination of the head, then resumed the scarcely interrupted badinage and conversation. White to the lips, she bowed, smiled, and passed on.

Turning back towards the entrance, she again saw the clock. Just four minutes had elapsed since she last noticed it, and now it seemed like a small, pitiless, ghostly face that leered across the drifting steam and the murmuring voices into her own. She entered the hansom, saying to the driver the one word, "Home." He "begged pardon," and she cleared her throat, realising that her voice had come huskily. "Home," she repeated.

Across the end of Oxford Street lay a dense, tawny haze. The grey light in the sky, mingling with the flare of the arcs, threw curious wan shadows on the woman's listless face. With closed eyes, she leaned back in the cab as though asleep. Asleep she might have been, had not a tear betrayed her; it brimmed between her lashes, faintly shining, nearly falling.

Time, smiling, called a message softly through the skies; and where the dull cinder-glow died in the west the scene-shifters sent up silently from the earth's rim the domes, minarets and bastions of a livid, immeasurable City of Cloud.



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## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

SOME wag has observed that Christmas comes but once a year. One imagines, however, that in the book trade Christmas has begun to come more or less at midsummer, and to keep on coming right down to Christmas Eve. There has been a time in the history of bookselling when a Christmas book was a Christmas book, and in its way rather an important affair. Thackeray wrote Christmas books, and so did Dickens, and so did smaller men and still smaller women. Nowadays, however, nobody of consequence appears to write specially for the Christmas market, the whole essence of the ruck of Christmas books, *qua* Christmas books, apparently being that they should be the work of undistinguished persons, and more or less adapted for the entertainment of small children and the young people who, we believe, are called by drapers "youths" and "misses." We do not suppose that on the whole the childhood and nonage of the country are sorry for this. The Christmas books they get may not be of the very highest literary or artistic quality, but they are bright and even gay to look at, and they help to make Christmas pleasant to the anticipation. The marvel about them is that they should continue to crowd upon us in almost unimaginable numbers. Who is going to buy them all is a question which probably puzzles a good many other people besides ourselves; but there they are, and we must treat them with due and fitting respect.

To deal first with books suitable for very small children we must mention prominently Messrs. Dean's Patent Rag Books, which are not only engaging to look upon, but have also the merit of being devoid of hard corners, and adapted for chewing and kindred methods of perusal commonly employed in the nursery. "What's That?" which is included in this series, is one of the prettiest baby's books we have seen. "The Animals' School Treat," with pictures, by Cecil Aldin, is also very good, and the same may be said of the history of the "Teddy Bear," though we are afraid that the phraseology of the verses in this latter booklet are a little too advanced for the infant mind. Two other very fine books which must not be overlooked by the friends of early infancy are "Babies of all Nations," by Maud Byron, and "Pickles," by Cecil Aldin. Both these books are published by the new house of Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. We take a verse from the first of them:

## THE NEGRO BABY.

It doesn't really matter if a baby's pink and white,  
With golden locks, or woolly hair, and black as blackest night;  
Its mother loves it just the same, and thinks it is the best  
That any one has ever seen, and hugs it on her breast.

Mr. Aldin's book is a trifle more humorous, and is intended to:

Show how a bad little pup  
Hates to be cuddled up.

It is needless to say that the pictures right through—and there are upwards of thirty of them in colours—are in Mr. Aldin's best manner.

For children of a trifle larger growth we may safely recommend Messrs. Blackie's "Annual," the issue for this year being quite as taking as the issues which have preceded it. Messrs. Blackie have also published "More Nursery Rhymes," illustrated by John Hassall; "Cat's Cradle," with coloured pictures by Louis Wain; and "Dutchie Doings," with coloured pictures by Ethel Parkinson. We are not quite sure that we like the word "Dutchie," even in the title of a child's book, but for the rest of the work we should have little but praise. Messrs. Blackie have further published a capital epitome of "Gulliver's Travels," and as the illustrations here are again by Mr. John Hassall their general artistic quality goes without saying; indeed, we have never seen a Gulliver so admirably done. The pictures are a delight, and they have

not a trace of vulgarity about them, which is a great deal to say in these days when ugliness is only too frequently mistaken for humour. We must congratulate Mr. Hassall. The book is a marvel of cheapness, being sold at a shilling, with sixteen full-page coloured illustrations, and a fine coloured cover. We would not have believed that it could have been done at the price. We should like also in this place to notice a beautiful volume entitled "In the Beginning" (Sealey, Clark and Co.) The author of this book, Mrs. S. B. Macey, has endeavoured to put into language adapted to the comprehension of children the account of the origin of the world and animated nature given in the Book of Genesis, and she has certainly done her work with great tact and literary feeling. The illustrations are by Mr. Charles Robinson, and the Bishop of London contributes an introductory note. Messrs. Sisley send us some pretty "Pixie Books," a series including "Sinbad the Sailor," "Robinson Crusoe," and that curious old favourite "The Basket of Flowers." The "Sinbad" is illustrated by Mr. J. R. Monsell, who has also illustrated a book called the "Buccaneers" for Messrs. Duckworth. We consider that Mr. Monsell's illustrations for these two books prove him to be an exceptional artist, and quite in the front rank of illustrators of publications for children. Among the new fairy-books which have reached us, special mention should be made of "In the Fairy Ring," written and drawn by Florence Harrison (Blackie), and "The Kings and the Cats," being Munster fairy-tales, written by John Hannon and illustrated by Louis Wain (Burns and Oates). Messrs. Chatto and Windus have made some notable additions to their ever-popular "Dumpy" Series. We do not think that the new cover is an improvement, but the books themselves are still very good.

Of books for "youths" and "misses" there is an unusually plentiful crop, Messrs. Blackie and Messrs. Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton being largely responsible. The authors represented include G. A. Henty, Bessie Marchant, Walter Rhodes, Harry Collingwood, Evelyn Sharp, Rosa Mulholland, and G. E. Farrow, and the level of merit is unmistakable. The whole of these books are suitably illustrated, and the contents appear to be as exciting as the titles. We notice three of them in another column. In this connection we should direct particular attention to a book called "The Bull of the Kraal and the Heavenly Maidens," by Dudley Kidd (Black). This is a really capital piece of work, and it will meet with the sure approval of any boy or girl who is fortunate enough to be presented with a copy. We are not so sure that it does not rival in interest even Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book." In the way of reprints of what we may term juvenile classics, Messrs. Constable have issued a very beautiful edition of the "Arabian Nights," illustrated by W. H. Robinson; Messrs. Dent send us a fine illustrated edition of Kingley's "Water Babies," and Messrs. Jack are to the fore with excellent reprints of Mrs. Sherwood's "Fairchild Family," and Maria Edgeworth's "Birthday Present." This latter volume contains the famous "Waste not, Want not" story, upon which most of us were suckled. We have dipped into it for curiosity's sake, and it seems to us to be just as entertaining and as improving as ever it was.

Before leaving the subject we feel called upon to make some observations with respect to "Queen Alexandra's Gift Book," which appears entirely to have upset the ordinary publishers' Christmas market. We believe that this book has been very largely bought as a child's book. It contains practically no letterpress, consisting simply of reproductions of photographs of Royal personages and the friends of Royal personages, taken from time to time by her Majesty. Of course the Queen is giving her profits on the sale of the book to charities; but although the booksellers have already disposed of it to the tune of hundreds of thousands of copies there appears to be nothing but grumbling about it among the trade. It



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Of course, when it comes to Christmas presents for adult persons the publishers naturally begin to shine with effulgence. There can be no better or more acceptable present for anybody than a good book. To pick and choose from the publishers' lists at the present season of the year would be invidious. There is scarcely a house in the trade which has not got something excellent to offer, and, speaking generally, we must refer those of our readers who wish to purchase suitable gifts for their friends to our advertisement columns and the publishers' own lists. By way of assisting them particularly, however, we shall call attention to the appended list of series books and new publications which seem to us to be peculiarly suited to the occasion.

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[The foregoing is necessarily a very incomplete list, but the whole of the books mentioned can be recommended without hesitation. We shall publish further notices and a further list next week.]

### THREE BOOKS FOR BOYS

IF in literature, as in commerce, demand creates supply, and the nature of the supply is affected by the change in taste of the consumer, it must be evident to all those whose duty it is to sample the fare provided for the younger members of our population that the boys of to-day would not be quite as enthusiastic over the tales of R. M. Ballantyne and W. H. G. Kingston as were those of twenty years ago. The works of these two indefatigable and entertaining authors are still in demand—we have taken upon ourselves to make the enquiry at one of the most representative London libraries—but the boy of to-day plumps more whole-heartedly for stories of a slightly different calibre; he prefers something a little more florid, something in which men's passions are occasionally allowed to get the upper hand. He resents very plainly any suspicion that he is being preached at or that he is having some person exhibited to him as a model of good behaviour in trying circumstances—the didactic faculty in the narrator must be

kept subordinate to the story-telling; the failure to recognise this detracted sadly from the power of Ballantyne's later books. Let the boy have action—the roar of battle, or the thrill of adventure, above all—and he will read on till bedtime, while on rainy days his seniors will be troubled not a whit how to amuse him.

The authors of the three books before us are remarkably unanimous on this point, and the boy who finds one of these yarns by his bedside on Christmas morning is to be counted lucky. To take Mr. Alexander Macdonald first, as one who has the inestimable advantage of describing scenes through which he himself has passed, adventures in which he himself has acted. In his new story, "The White Trail" (Blackie, 6s.), we find him following the track of a party of dauntless travellers through the lonely wastes of ice and snow up to the Yukon River and Dawson City. He is no mere armchair concoctor of romances, nor is he a novice at his work. He chooses the exciting period of the rush to the Klondike, and portrays vividly the straits of the frozen town—little more than a camp—at a season when men realised that gold might be of infinitely less value than a sack of flour or a square meal. The little cluster of four—Stewart, Mac, the Captain, and Archie—push their way on, in spite of numberless difficulties, inseparable, full of jokes and friendly chaff, cheered continually by the company of "Dave," a dog who we are pleased to know is drawn from life. He certainly deserves the relative pronoun, for he fights wolves, bears, or human enemies, saves Archie more than once, helps to pull the sledge, and behaves in general with as much sense as his master.

Whether or not four men could build a watertight and serviceable boat from growing timber in two days is a point upon which we feel some misgivings, and we do not quite care for the prevalent phrases of exclamation—"Blow me for a hard-hearted galoot!" and so on—which some members of the party indulge in superfluously. But the characterisation—for which quality we have before now praised Mr. Macdonald in these columns—is excellent, and the presentation of the dangers which the heroes suffered in their quest for gold is vivid and convincing, so we can assure our readers that the author's high reputation is well sustained by his latest book.

Mr. Everett McNeil is of the opinion that boys have a predilection for the cut-and-thrust story of adventure, and his brisk romance, "In Texas with Davy Crockett" (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.), is based on the early history of Texas, when the treacherous Mexicans were at war with the American settlers. Some of the incidents are a trifle stagey, and the chief characters are a little given to sententious speechifying at the slightest provocation, so that their emotion is rendered rather unreal. No boy, however, could possibly read the book without a series of thrills. Every boy who is not a milksop likes to hear about fighting, and on occasion to indulge in a bit of head-punching for himself; in these pages we are treated to plenty of it, and some of the incidents are breathless in their movement. The account of the fatal indecision of General Fannin and the massacre of his gallant army by the jealous Mexicans; the indomitable bravery of Davy Crockett and Sam McNelly; the capture of Mrs. McNelly and her daughter by the villain Vasquez, and their rescue—it is all written with a swing and a verve which could not easily be improved. Trav and Tom, the two chums whose doings form the main theme of the story, are jolly, plucky chaps, and deserve to make many friends. And, as with the previous book, those who read have the additional advantage of knowing that the principal events described are matters of history.

We remarked just now that most rational boys liked to hear about fighting. Wilfrid Salkeld, the hero of our third book, "Mid Clash of Swords" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), will be colloquially defined by a good many enthusiastic young readers, we would wager, as "a fair terror." He fights with axe, with sword, with pike, with dagger—if need be, with the bare fists; he carves his way through the book from beginning to end. He gnaws apart the leather thongs that bind him—they

had strong incisors in those days—or as an alternative saws them asunder even when his hands are bound, using the metal hoop of a wooden cup which he has crushed beneath his heel, and gripping it between his teeth. The story is indeed well named; we rarely remember having read of so many terrific hand-to-hand combats in one book. Not always is the hero victorious; but when he is pierced, or clubbed, or battle-axed, or switched off in any other pleasant and debonair manner, he invariably survives and escapes—as is the inviolable privilege of all these dashing heroes. For he has a shirt of fine steel mail, so that, amid the flash and shiver of flying blades, we feel reassured, knowing that his wounds will not prove vital; and the places where he is incarcerated have either loose bricks, by removing which a passage may be managed, or else a maiden by whose aid assistance can be brought. Once we really did think it was all over with him. He had possession of a jewelled dagger of fabulous value, and was drugged in order that it might be stolen; he fought a deadly fight, half-awake, in the bedchamber of a village hostelry; severely hurt, he lost consciousness. But the innkeeper's daughter—ah, those innkeepers' pretty daughters!—nursed him back to life and strength again. We are of the opinion that he should at least have fallen in love with her, whether it came to anything or not; but the author wills otherwise, and sends him forth for another spell of crown-cracking. When Wilfrid reaches Rome he meets and makes friends with that superlative rogue, Benvenuto Cellini, but this is towards the end of the book, and the sacking of Rome has a very small part in the story. It is almost a pity the author did not make more of this, since he has chosen for his sub-title "A Story of the Sack of Rome." What there is of the riot and ruin, however, is strongly depicted, and there is not an uninteresting page, so that the schoolboy who votes this book "dull" would be worthy to rank as a modern "infant phenomenon." Needless to say, there will be found "no such person."

## THE MEXICAN DESERT

*Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava.* By WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, Sc.D. (T. Werner Laurie, 16s. net.)

THERE is always a fascination about books of travel. The spirit of adventure knocks at the heart of the staidest of us, and romance is perpetually lurking round the next bend of the road. Hence your explorer is secure of a welcome and attentive hearing, and when he comes to us laden with trophies from lands where human foot has never trod—why, then he is doubly welcome! Such is the happy fate of Dr. Hornaday and his companions, who set out one November day in 1907 to penetrate into the recesses of Mexico and to discover the secret of Pinacate, that mysterious mountain which had baffled the accuracy of the geographers. From one point of view the volume may perhaps prove a disappointment. Its interest lies not with humanity, but with inanimate Nature. Here are no stories of extinct civilisations brought to light, or of thrilling adventures with savage tribes. The reader will alight on nothing more wonderful indeed than the discovery of a giant ram or the account of huge cacti that stud the oases of the desert like goodly cedars. What gives to the volume its permanent value is the detailed, painstaking observation of its author, together with a certain breeziness of narrative that carries all before it. Dr. Hornaday will transport you into the midst of the illimitable desert, but he is not so inhospitable as to leave you to your own devices. You will find him, on the contrary, the most cheery of companions, and it is a safe wager that you will part from him with regret at the end of the journey.

The desert-lover, it appears, is born, not made. Said a companion of Dr. Hornaday:—"After a month spent in the deserts you will either love them or loathe them for the rest of your life." The vast, illimitable spaces, unbroken save by hillock, shrub, or tree, the monotony of the long

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At this season of the year new novels flow from the publishers in a ceaseless stream, and the reader finds it difficult to make his choice among them. At such a time there is always a danger of missing a book that really is worth reading; and we would therefore recommend you to lose no time in ordering from your library or bookseller

## "FEET OF WOOL"

By MARY DEWETT

The book is neither "startling" nor "sensational" nor "daring," like so many that are forcibly thrust upon your notice at this time. It is a wholesome, well-written story of English family life, which gains its effects by legitimate means, and never fails to interest. The plot follows naturally from the well-drawn characters of the different actors, and never flags for an instant from the day when Jaqueline comes to visit her wealthy relative to the final scene, which shows us that, in spite of human schemes and treacheries, the gods have all the time been "creeping on with feet of wool."

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dreary days, the unspeakable silences of the night—these are apt to try the nerves of the inexperienced traveller. Yet even here it will be found there are not lacking the elements of variety. There is the vegetation, for instance, to take stock of, a vegetation unknown in the populous regions of the earth; the giant cacti, the ocatilla, the arroyo, the palo verde—names that hint of a botany untaught in schools. Above all, there is the ever-present sense of newness, of adventure. And in that "solitude where none intrudes" there is, Dr. Hornaday will tell you, a very real companionship:

Strange to say, there is in those grey mountain walls a sense of cheerful companionship that quite robs the deserts of the awful monotony that usually characterises uninhabited level plains of illimitable extent. To some minds the idea may seem absurd, but to me the mountain ranges were *company*. The ranges near at hand are always so isolated, so sharply defined, and so individualised that they are as much company to the wayfarer as so many houses with windows that look at you. To perish on a great waste of sand like the Sahara would be very monotonous and disagreeable, but in one of these beautiful green plains, surrounded by an amphitheatre of interesting mountains, death would be quite a different matter.

The pursuit of Pinacate seemed at first like the quest of fabled Avalon. It receded as the travellers advanced. But each day brought its appropriate adventures. Game was hunted and brought down, though the big game was, for the most part, spared in the interests of true sport. Strange beasts were encountered, and still stranger plants, flourishing even round the craters of volcanoes. But the finding of the Carnegie ram on the lava peak of the Sykes crater deserves more than a passing reference. He was a gigantic creature, weighing 192½ lb. and measuring 37 in. at the shoulders. He was discovered by a member of the party on the mountain side, and he was carried bodily into camp. The party were in need of food at the time, but the ram, who was apparently half-starved, proved a sad disappointment:

There was one feature of that sheep episode [writes Dr. Hornaday] that was deeply impressive. It was the awful surroundings amid which those animals had chosen to live. Aside from hot volcanic *débris*, I think it is impossible to imagine any spot on dry *terra firma* than those steep mountains of cruel red lava garnished with Bigelow's accursed choya. We were simply fascinated by the unearthly and nether-world character of our surroundings. Doré would have revelled in this scowling, contorted, wholly blasted spot.

Through tracts of arid, bleak, and uninviting desert the travellers pursue their way. At length the end is in view. Pinacate is sighted, and with its ascent—which is graphically described by Dr. Hornaday—the interest of the expedition ceases. Dr. Hornaday has added some chapters on the ornithology of the region, an account of the mammals found between Tucson and the Mexican Gulf, and a detailed and tabulated description of the mountain-sheep of Mexico. Alike to the botanist and the biologist, these researches will be found of the very greatest value; but the book may be no less confidently commended to the general reader. For it is a record of heroic enterprises, of privations cheerfully undergone, and of difficulties successfully surmounted. The volume contains seventy-two illustrations taken from photographs, eight of which are in colour, and two very useful maps, specially prepared by Mr. Godfrey Sykes, the geographer to the expedition.

## LITTLE WINGS OF HASTE

*A Motor-Flight through France.* By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)

THE suggestion of hurry implied by the title of this volume somewhat nullifies the thought which comes most readily to our mind after reading it through. We may as well place that critical impression on record, however, since it forms the text upon which we desire to base a few pertinent remarks, and it is this: "What a book of travel the author *could* write, if she wished." Every two or three pages we happen upon little paragraphs of keen insight

and felicitous description which force us to the conclusion that Mrs. Wharton's indubitable talents are to a large extent wasted in the attempt to fix these incoherent memories of her "flight." Time after time she herself hints that those glimpses of village and castle, of château and cathedral, were only enough to whet the appetite—that some day soon she must return to each goodly spot and allow its spell to invest her more deeply. The question is bound to present itself, as we read these repeated promises, Why not have waited, and given us that fine, accurate, and sympathetic travel-book that we are sure she will at length compose? Almost certainly it will be about France, for the love of that vivacious land is in the author's heart, betraying itself a hundred times. To "rush" the country in a fast motor-car is to see a great deal, no doubt; but we hesitate to say it is worth recording, since the book resolves itself into a series of notes, historical, architectural, and sentimental, which serve as a connecting thread for the illustrations. And here our dissatisfaction is tempered, for many people will consider the book a valuable addition to their library for the sake of those illustrations alone; they are wholly good.

In support of our contention that Mrs. Wharton must some day give us the ideal work about France we may select two or three passages for quotation which strike the right note, first taking short descriptions of Beauvais and Albi:

The town itself—almost purposely, as we felt afterward—failed to put itself forward, to arrest us by any of the minor arts which Arras, for instance, had so seductively exerted. It maintained an attitude of calm aloofness, of affected ignorance of the traveller's object in visiting it—suffering its little shuttered, non-committal streets to lead us up, tortuously, to the drowsiest little provincial place, with the usual lime-arcades, and the usual low houses across the way, where suddenly there soared before us the great mad broken dream of Beauvais choir—the Cathedral without a nave—the Kubla Khan of architecture. . . . Beauvais has none of the ungainliness of failure; it is like a great hymn interrupted, not one in which the voices have flagged. It is, at any rate, an example of what the Gothic spirit, pushed to its logical conclusion, strove for—the utterance of the unutterable; and he who condemns Beauvais has tacitly condemned the whole theory of art from which it issued.

Albi stood out at length upon the sky—a glaring mass of houses stacked high above the deep cleft of the Tarn. The surrounding landscape was all dust and dazzle; the brick streets were funnels for the swooping wind, and high up, against the blinding blue, rose the flanks of the brick Cathedral, like those of some hairless pink monster that had just crawled up from the river to bask on the cliff. This first impression of animal monstrosity—of an unwieldy antediluvian mass of flesh—is not dispelled by a nearer approach. From whatever angle one views the astounding building its uncouth shape and flesh-like tint produce the effect of a living organism—high-backed, swollen-thighed, wallowing—a giant Tarasque or other anomalous offspring of the Bestiary; and if one rejects the animal analogy as too grotesque, to what else may one conceivably compare it?

Contrasting the sentimental with the technical appreciation of great architecture, the author puts very plausibly a third point of view:

Is there not room for another, a lesser yet legitimate order of appreciation—for the kind of confused atavistic enjoyment that is made up of historical association, of a sense of mass and harmony, of the relation of the building to the sky above it, to the lights and shadows it creates about it—deeper than all, of a blind sense in the blood of its old racial power, the things it meant to far-off minds, of which ours are the oft-dissolved and reconstituted fragments? . . . Such a defence is furnished, to a degree elsewhere unmatched, by the exceptional closeness of intercourse to which propinquity admits the traveller at Reims. Here is the great Presence on one's threshold—in one's window—surprised at dawn in the mystery of its rebirth from darkness; contemplated at midday in the distinctness of its accumulated detail, its complex ritual of stone; absorbed into the mind; into the heart, again at darkness—felt lastly and most deeply under the midnight sky, as a mystery of harmony and order no less secret and majestic than the curves of the stars in their orbits.

Some of these sentences have echoes of Mr. Henry James at his happiest descriptive moments; others betray the artist unmistakably; others, again, show that indefinable

quality (how few travellers possess it!) which enables its possessor to apprehend in one glance the salient point, the predominant effect of the thing observed, whether it be a building, a picture, a city, or a landscape. There is distinction and a high literary grace about the paragraphs we have quoted, and we could select many more equally pleasing from other pages.

We suggest to Mrs. Wharton, in conclusion, that she should spend next summer in a leisurely pilgrimage through the very same portions of France which she has here noticed so fleetingly; that she should watch and wait for the exact word, the resolute phrase, the "real right thing" to say about each place; and that from those unhurried impressions and unforced inspirations preserved in her diary of travel she should condense and set in order the pages of a book which we are convinced would be wise and profitable and memorable—a book, in short, worthy to rank with the "English Hours" of the master whom we feel sure she has studied.

## ROMANCE AND HISTORY

*Nadir Shah.* By Sir MORTIMER DURAND. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR MORTIMER DURAND has chosen to give us the history of this great Eastern conqueror in the form of a romance. We think that he has rightly chosen, for many more will read it in this form, and besides, we must own that the story of such a life needs a little dressing to make it palatable—stripped bare to the mere record of his ruthless history Nadir Shah would lie before us very raw material indeed. A Turkoman, and no Persian, he carried the flag of the land he did not love from Delhi to the Caucasus. He was wise enough not to essay to hold Hindustan or the Khanate of Khiva; but he stretched the boundaries of Persia from the Tigris to the Indus, from the Caucasus to the Arabian Sea. The story begins with his conquest of India. The Grand Moghul is under his heel, and well he ground him down. Mohamed Shah was not a fit representative of the Moghul race of kings. He had not the nerve, when struck, to rally the fighting men of Hind to shake off the Persian yoke, which would have been hard to rivet to the necks of great peoples, even by the Turkoman tyrant, had there been a man round whom to rally. But the Moghul was not the man. Delhi was taken and sacked, and Nadir returned to Persia laden with priceless spoil—with jewels and gold—gold enough to take all taxes off Persia for a spell of years. And among the booty the wonderful peacock throne, and the Koh-i-noor, which rested in Persia awhile, but still came to the British Crown with the Punjab in 1850. More precious, though, than all that he bore back was Sitara, the Rajpoot girl, daughter of a noble house of Rajpootana, who, from a gang of fifty Indian girl slaves, became the first of Nadir's harem—his Queen. With his love for her his empire waxed great, and waned when he lost her, by his own great fault, for he never lost her love. Nadir's conquest travelled then north and west. But the host with which he conquered was not all Persian. He knew the softness and the wiles of the Persians well; fine soldiers though some of them were, he stiffened their ranks by willing levies from the great warlike tribes through whose lands he passed a conqueror—Afridies and Afghans from south and east, Uzbeks from the north and Kurds from the west. All came to the banner of Nadir the conqueror rather than to the service of the Shah and of Persia. Each of these races gives to Sir Mortimer's pen excellent character-sketches, and we realise as we read that the writer knows them well—and who should know them better than one who has spent many years on the Indian frontier, who was Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, and who crowned his Eastern career by being British Minister at Teheran? Ali Akbar, the Persian Minister of Finance, is a typical Oriental character, and is skilfully sketched. And there are two Armenians, who were Christians, Ovannes and his wife, whose gentle good-

ness form, with Sitara's, real leaven among the rude savage soldiery by whom the Shah was surrounded. At Meshed Nadir was born, at Meshed he built himself a great mausoleum, where he was buried. It stands still, in some state of repair. The loyalty and love of the Rajpoot girl lasted through very evil days, to prove itself greatest at Nadir's fall. His fall began when he deprived of sight his eldest son, Reza Khan, whose only fault was that—gigantic, powerful, and brave—he was too like his father. The day of this ruthless act he cut to the ground his faithful Queen, and from then on his history is one tale of horrors. There are some good battle-pictures, notably one against the Turkomans near Kharjui, on page 131. Scenery, flowers, and the song of birds are gracefully reproduced. Sir Mortimer gives us a great many Persian phrases in his dialogues, but they are singularly inoffensive, objectionable as we generally find to be the habit of mixing Oriental terms with English. There is a ring of true history through all the book which makes this romance different to some others, and it will be acceptable to those who like an Eastern atmosphere.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Children for Ever.* By JOHN F. MACPHERSON. (John Long, 6s.)

IF Dean Swift could visit the earth once more and read this charming fantasy we think he would greet a kindred spirit, for Mr. Macpherson has carried out an idea which presents certain indications of comradeship with the discontented, irascible author of "Gulliver's Travels." To hint that this book owes its inspiration to that immortal satire is by no means to reproach Mr. Macpherson. He has followed the lead of Swift in giving us a map of his fictitious country, and some of his names are strongly reminiscent—Lacuton, for example, inevitably suggests Laputa; Systurthia, Valdigrim, and Suprum seem to fraternise etymologically with Brobdingnag and the Houyhnhnm country. But the wholly delightful conception of a Children's Land (Systurthia), where people never grow old, never die, are never born, and never marry, is the author's own. There is no ulterior satire, and it is reasoned out admirably. The heroes—two boys—with their two sisters are projected into a lake in the centre of this wonderful region by a landslip on earth, and the masterly way in which the young King Basil explains all apparent incongruities—such as why he speaks English and how there came to be a Children's Country—is worthy of an ethnological treatise. The adventures, the loves of the children, and the general life of the place are described in a manner which leaves no loophole for complaint; to any boy or girl with a healthy imagination and a taste for fairy-stories the book would be a most welcome present. Indeed, we can find no reason why grown-up persons should not enjoy reading it, for it is not a nursery-tale, nor is it merely an idle invention; it has plot and intrigue, and in one sense might be termed an ordinary novel uplifted to the plane of childhood. The account of how Reggie (the oldest of the intruders) introduces cricket to the kingdom of Systurthia makes a diverting chapter, and later on, when we come to the disaffection of the populace through the defeat of the King at the Royal sports, the interest grows. For, by the laws of war in this desirable land, all deadly weapons are strictly forbidden. "On no account must you kill one of the enemy," says Basil, "if it can possibly be avoided!"

"As regards weapons," proceeded the King, "it is contrary to etiquette to use anything except the regulation cudgel, or, if none is procurable, something equivalent to it. . . . Another excellent general rule is, that an enemy should not be injured more than is necessary to overcome his resistance. To break a boy's leg or arm, for instance, or, worse still, to injure his eyes, is the next most heinous offence against the Laws of War to killing him outright. . . ."

"I suppose all the fighting is at close quarters?" queried Reggie.



"Yes, practically," replied the King, "since no guns, arrows, or spears are allowed, and stone-throwing is also forbidden."

"Are you allowed to throw anything else—rotten eggs, for instance?"

"That would not be good form," returned Basil; "nor would it produce much effect, beyond enraging your adversary and goading him to further efforts. In case of a siege, the defenders are permitted to empty buckets of cold water or squirt it upon a scaling party, but it is not considered of any value, except to disconcert them for an instant."

The author has succeeded in evolving some pretty little character-studies among his boy and girl people. Admiral Torry Wottle, afterwards promoted to be "Duke of Dickory Docks," is very whimsical, and so is his imperturbable lady, Mistress Jassamin the Discreet, whose primness soon evaporates when Torry is in danger; equally clever are the delineations of Duchess Melda, who plotted to overthrow the monarchy, and Princess Adola, with whom Reggie fell in love. We must give a special word of praise to the sixteen illustrations in colour by Tony Sarg: they are much above the average. There is nothing in them to offend the artistic eye, and two of them at any rate—the picture of the Duchess Melda riding off on her bicycle from the moonlit castle, and that of Reggie swimming in the lake with "Toodles" (the baby sister) on his back—are ideally in harmony with the text.

We confess we had strong misgivings even while fascinated by the plot. On the last page we were afraid we should find once more the old, old device—that everything would suddenly vanish, and Reggie would wake up under the trees or in his school dormitory with the exclamation, "What a wonderful dream I've had!" We can put up with this solution of the difficulty in "Alice" for the sake of the inimitable story; but since then it has been over-worked. Mr. Macpherson, however, has evaded it cleverly and courageously by simply making the four Earth-Children decide to drink the potion which in Systurthia keeps everybody for ever young, and—letting them stay there! And, for ourselves, we could wish for no better fate than to discover that delightful country; to drink the potion, too, and to explore the Plum Palace, the Mountains of Valdigrim, and the Island of Sweet Savours with the dainty Princesses Yoleen and Adola for our guides.

*Five Little Peppers and How They Grew.* By MARGARET SIDNEY. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

WE are quite sure that if the boys and girls who so eagerly perused "The Basket of Flowers," "Bruey," and other relentlessly moral and shamelessly instructive disquisitions could have seen such a book as "Five Little Peppers," "Bruey" and her officious conscience would have held their lachrymose dialogues in vain, and the "Basket" would have reposed unheeded in the bookcase. But no kind fairies in those days whispered to grown-up people that their novels might be simplified and metamorphosed quite easily in such a way that the children could read and understand, taking no harm; nobody seemed to realise that youngsters want stories, not moral maxims. Perhaps—we make the mercenary suggestion with due diffidence—perhaps nobody thought such stories would pay. However, up-to-date publishers and kind-hearted authors have put their considering-caps on, and decided to change all that; and so effectively have they managed it that a new stream of literature has been brought into existence—a stream which is in full flood towards the end of each year. If, in the course of earthly events, its waters wind down to the Lethean river, well, they do not flow for naught when so many youngsters have laughed and played at their brink.

To write a story for children with conversation that shall be natural and consistent, and with older people in it who shall be neither didactic nor idiotic, requires a fair equipment of that art which conceals art; bearing this in mind, we think that the writer of this history of the Pepper family has succeeded in her work. No boy or girl—for the book will suit either—will feel in reading it an uneasy suspicion that a "lesson" is poking out here and there; and parents who happen to spend an hour with it will not be

annoyed by the grotesque caricatures which serve for adults in so many books for juveniles. At the same time, the conduct of the little Peppers throughout their various tribulations and vicissitudes is a commendable example, needing no comment. They possess their share of original sin, but the mother and the eldest daughter promptly interfere whenever temper rises or the mood of complaint prevails. Good reasons, too, had they all to be depressed and dissatisfied, even to the supreme one of inadequate food. Their mild adventures are agreeably related, but we must not examine them in detail. How the little "Phronsie"—the Pepperette, we might call her—strayed away down a lonely road after an opprobrious organ-grinder and his monkey, to be rescued by a nice boy of thirteen with a big and jolly dog; how this nice boy is introduced to the family in their humble home, and becomes a firm friend, the story will explain. And if the writer invokes the aid of coincidence a trifle too much for our taste when she makes the nice boy's relations turn out eventually to be cousins of the Peppers, we need not cavil. The world of the nursery and the play-room will not be unduly critical on such points, and since this small grievance of ours would be set aside with derision did we murmur it within those noisy precincts, we may leave the children to their delight in the story, go about our business, and wish to be children again ourselves.

*Handicapped.* By EMERY POTTLE. (John Lane, 6s.)

IT is refreshing to turn from the crude and clumsily constructed fiction that issues with a monotonous regularity from many of our great publishing-houses to such a novel as this. "Handicapped" is the work of a master-craftsman. There are no redundancies in the story: every touch tells. The motive is perhaps a trifle too subtle for the grosser needs of this generation, avid of sensation and all agog for incredible happenings. This, however, is not to deny a sense of the dramatic to Mr. Pottle—the incident of the handicap is magnificently conceived—but to affirm an instinct for perspective, which places every event in its appropriate and natural setting. It is not, however, for the story merely that this book should be read. It is primarily a masterly analysis of temperament. The heroine, shy and hesitating, an involuntary coward, whose continual vacillations render inevitable the ultimate tragedy, is as finished a portrait as we have met with in contemporary fiction. Of lesser interest, though no less real, are Donovan O'Hara, strange compound of the gentleman and the cad; Dennis, in whom the elements are less kindly mixed; and Bruce MacClellan, whose placid and unimaginative respectability acts as a convenient foil to the somewhat turbulent emotions of the other characters. In the drama, but not of it, is Sissy's mother, who invests the narrative with an atmosphere of far-away forgotten things, the gracious manners and antique courtesies of a dead world. It is a painful story, told with an artistic sympathy and restraint that should ensure for Mr. Pottle a high place among the novelists of his time. So far as we know, this is a first novel, but the author has given unmistakable indications of a power sufficiently rare to call for very definite comment.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I want to thank you for your remarks upon the unfairness of the Press in withholding the opinions of Anti-Suffragists. Women do not always wish to condemn their more clamorous sisters who demand the vote, but there are many women who, sometimes, would like to say that they do not want the vote for themselves. It would be interesting to know in how many cases they have been allowed to express their contentment. I know of many suppressed letters containing reasons as logical, justifiable, and dear to the woman anti-voter as are any which emanate from the Suffragette.

Yet until now, when every sensible person is heartily tired of the infantile pranks of the militant Suffragette, most of the "great

dailies" have consistently and persistently ignored the arguments of the other side.

Perhaps the Anti-Suffragists are to blame. They have accepted the storm as being inevitable, and have allowed the hailstones to descend, regarding them as people once used to regard smallpox—viz., as a "dispensation of Providence." And this question of Woman's Suffrage, like smallpox, has needed ventilation, to suppress the fever! But many women have been content to wear a pious look of horror, and have sat with folded hands thanking Heaven "they were not as this" Suffragette! It would have been wiser, when possible, to have held meetings where they could sanely and quietly controvert the arrogant speeches of the women who assume that their vote is necessary for the welfare of the country.

Thus would the unenlightened, and the timid waverers, have been enabled to see the question fairly stated. (The meetings would not have been reported, but the people would have listened.)

The question of the Franchise for Women can only be settled in the best light of an individual conscience and intelligence. There are more reasons against it than most people dream of. But in the hubbub and strife they have failed to hear them. It is time the Anti-Suffrage League had fair play. Let all women who object to Woman's Suffrage, or who refuse to demand it for themselves, clearly and simply state their reasons for doing so. Let them write a brief letter to their pet newspaper, and sign the petition of the Anti-Suffrage League.

For, after all, the power that can be located, defined, and set, in certain limits often ceases to be power. A woman's influence without being caught and pinned down to a voting-paper, is gigantic in its possibilities. When captured it stands a chance of becoming an ordinary asset—something definite, therefore less a mystery, and consequently less a power.

The late Dr. Moncure D. Conway said:

I now consider any genuine political enfranchisement of women impossible. With rare exceptions, they must vote under some kind of coverture or virtual duress: we could not get the real heart and voice of the woman, but only the echo of a father, husband, priest, or party-boss. The disfranchisement is a stigma only in very vulgar eyes: refined and thinking men would see the degradation in feminine participation in the sorry work of partisanship.

MARCIA KNIGHT.

December 2, 1908.

#### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Militant Suffragists find excuse and encouragement for their would-be violent methods in the fact that history tells of certain turbulent scenes that preceded the grant of an extended franchise to men. The parallel is a loose one, for all men formerly without the pale were at one in demanding the vote. It is not so with women. The better sort repudiate all desire to possess it, and it is increasingly evident that among the majority of the sex there is an instinctive shrinking from the uncanny thing which must develop into active hostility under the series of object-lessons provided by women who seek to attain their ends by vixenish humours and the public display of tantrums.

MALE RESISTER.

November 28, 1908.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a delegate to the National Union of Scottish Conservative Associations, whose annual conference took place last week, would you allow me to explain why there, unlike the corresponding gathering in England, the burning question of Female Suffrage was not raised? During the past year there have been three electoral contests in Scotland, and every one of them has served to demonstrate the impotency of the militant Suffragette. The first of these was fought in Kincardineshire, which was incontinently infested by bands of these ineffectual hooligans bawling from every coign of vantage their slogans of "Votes for Women" and "Keep the Liberal out." So far from keeping the Liberal out, he got in by an enormous majority, and not a trace could be discovered in the returns of the defeated Conservative candidate of the shadow of an accession to his strength through their instrumentality.

The second of these conflicts occurred in Dundee, where Mr. Winston Churchill, a refugee from England, sought safety across the Border. He was pursued from the scene of his defeat in Manchester by the unspeakable Miss Christabel (shade of Coleridge!) Pankhurst and a ravaging horde of her companions. The result of the Manchester election had been interpreted by them as a "woman's election," and a "woman's victory," but as soon as the President of the Board of Trade romped in by

another thundering majority they retired from the fray, stubbornly refusing to regard Dundee in the light of a woman's election or a woman's defeat.

The third manifestation of the Suffragette's futility was exhibited in the Montrose Burghs, where the cause of Liberalism was championed by Mr. Harcourt, the brother of the Cabinet Minister who, next to Mr. Asquith, is regarded by these furies, as their most formidable adversary, and the son of the Liberal leader who, in his day, was their sworn foe. Here, again, the only result of their exertions was to send up the poll of a detested opponent and diminish that of an exponent of Conservatism.

It would be well if the Conservatives of England who have allowed themselves in many instances to be misled by the by-elections into imagining that the Suffragettes possess the power of detaching even the merest handful of votes, would ponder and lay to heart the above results. The sooner these misguided persons realise that the clamour of these would-be Amazons is mere sound and fury signifying nothing the better it will be for themselves and the party to which they ostensibly belong. Conservatism, however broadly interpreted, can find no room in its ranks for lecturers on the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, disciples of Ibsen, or followers of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Campbell of the City Temple.

Y. DALRYMPLE DUNCAN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—

#### ANTHEM FOR "ANTIS"

CLEVER VERSES ON THE ANTI-SUFFRAGIST CRUSADE

Trot off home and mind the baby,

Trot off home and mind the kid.

This isn't woman's sphere—

You have got no business here:

So "Antis" trot off home as you are bid.

Trot off home—you always tell us

Home is where you ought to be!

While you're talking of the voter

Who's attending to the bloater

That your husband is expecting for his tea?

Trot off home—you really shock us!

Here in public you are met;

But it isn't nice at all

To hold meetings in a hall.

You must leave that to the naughty Suffragette.

These delightful lines for use at Anti-Suffragist meetings appear in the current number of "Women's Franchise." As you may have missed "these delightful lines" in the *Daily Chronicle*, I enclose them.

They show, more than reams of hostile description, the Suffragette as she is—her ideas, her manners, her methods, and her class. It is all a little pathetic. At first, certainly, it is something of a surprise to see what constitutes humour in this solemn circle; fifth-rate music-hall standard about sums it up, where "bloaters" would seem usual accompaniments to tea, and "the kid" is invariable.

But on the whole should we not rather pity than mock at these women, who (in their own words) "really belong to themselves" and not to "any one else," and whose conception of the bitterest gibe they can hurl at another woman is to taunt her with the possession of a baby—and a husband?

FRIDA WOLFE.

#### "INVERTED FEET"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I confess that the word "beating" is less appropriate to ictus than "thinking" or "imagining"; the ictus in English is not necessarily associated with any kind of stress or beat other than purely mental, and even where it is associated with speech-accent it is in itself quite distinct from its exteriorisation (if I may coin the word).

Mr. Omond declares, with regard to haphazard collections of ten syllables, that "the difficulty begins when we seek to define limits." It is the difficulty of defining limits that makes me loth to accept a metrical theory which makes it necessary to do so. The metrist has to explain why lines of verse which (if we accept Mr. Omond's theory) are not in conformity with the underlying time-scheme are verse at all. It is no explanation to simply say that the time-scheme subsists in our mind, while the actual line, as read, is in conflict with it.

I do not wish to lay down hard-and-fast rules. I do not believe, and Mr. Omond apparently does believe, that in any line of "iambic pentameter" in which the speech-accent does not fall iambically there are one or more "inverted feet" to be explained,



that these lines are, in fact, departures from the underlying time-scheme. I suggest that the iambicity or otherwise of the speech-accent is no sufficient or exclusive test of conformity to the time-scheme. Surely if one recognises (and Mr. Omond was one of the first to recognise this) that a verse is a verse only because it is based on an underlying time-scheme, then one is bound to accept the proposition that conformity depends entirely on the time-relations of the syllables and pauses making up a line.

If the time-relations of the syllables and pauses making up a line are such that it falls into five equal time-periods, then, if we are not dealing with a "syllabic" form of verse, we have no more to ask. The line is in conformity with the time-scheme, unless its periodicity is obscured by important speech-accent in the interior of periods suggesting the *thinking* of the ictus at inappropriate points.

Mr. Omond misunderstands my claim that certain syllables of lines quoted by him are in different feet. On any system of scansion, lines like :

Five minutes ; the poor rose is twice a rose . . .  
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness . . .  
Its stony jaws the abrupt mountain breaks . . .

are on a different footing from lines like :

Turns to sharp silver of a perfect note . . .  
There grew a rose-garden in Florence land . . .  
From rush-flowers and lilies ripe to set . . .

In both groups, save where in the second the inversion is initial, speech-accent is contiguous, but in the first group the *accentual iambicity* of the line is not impaired—I mean that there is no case of an odd syllable bearing a speech-accent followed by an even syllable devoid of speech-accent, as *does* occur in

Turns to . . .  
garden . . .  
flowers . . .

In a word, in the second group there is no "inversion."

I should be most unwilling to postulate in the scansion of a line, a trisyllabic foot, or anything else, *not* corresponding to an actual fact of speech. My whole position is based on that reluctance. My example was possibly ill-chosen ; but it has served its purpose in drawing from Mr. Omond the admission that some inversions *are* to be explained by trisyllabic feet. I am not, however, prepared to admit that a trisyllabic foot always means dwelling unreasonably on a monosyllable somewhere else in the line. Take the line :

The enchantment that afterward befel.

It is *conceivable* (I do not say that it *is* so) that the division is :

The enchant—ment . . .

The *ictus* is "thought" or "imagined" presumably at the *centroid* of the accented syllable. Now the *centroid* of -chant-falls—it is an experimental fact—either on the *ch* or just before it. The rest of the syllable really belongs to the next foot, thus :

The ench—ant ment . . .

Phonetic considerations like this must always be taken into account.

I confess, however, that Mr. Omond has convinced me that there are cases of real inversion which cannot be explained except as, in a sense, discords, or departures from the norm.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### POETRY

- Short Poems*. "Clansman." Kegan Paul, 1s.  
*Thysia*. An Elegy. Bell, 1s.  
*Home Heroics*. Oswald Davies. Kegan Paul, 2s. net.  
*Leaves in the Wind*. Elsa Lorraine. Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.  
*Poems*. J. Griffith Fairfax. Smith Elder, 4s. net.  
*A Man's Vengeance, and other Poems*. George Barlow. Glaisher 2s. 6d. net.  
*The Golden Barque*. Hugh J. Evans. Esson and Perkin.

### FICTION

- The Silver Cross*. Jenkins Stenning. Ouseley, 1s.  
*Mark Talbot*. Crofton Spencer. Ouseley, 3s. 6d.  
*The Web of Time*. Robert Knowles. Oliphant, 6s.  
*Patricia Baring*. Winifred James. Constable, 6s.  
*The Girl and the Gods*. Charlotte Mansfield. Greening, 1s.  
*The Artificial Girl*. R. W. Cole. Greening, 6s.  
*Branded*. Gerald Biss. Greening, 6s.  
*Woman and Puppet*. Pierre Lowys. Translated by G. Monks-hood. Greening, 1s. 6d. net.

### JUVENILE

- The Story of an Irish Potato*. Lily Schofield. Chatto and Windus, 1s. net.  
*Simple Simon*. Helen Reid Cross. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.  
*The Little Frenchman*. Eden Coybee and K. J. Fricero. Chatto and Windus, 1s. net.  
*Arabian Nights*. W. Robinson and Helen Stratton. Constable.  
*Water Babies*. Charles Kingsley. Headley, 5s.  
*Doors*. E. Richardson. Headley.  
*Adventures in a Noah's Ark*. Illustrated by C. A. Moore. Headley, 1s. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Sport and Athletics in 1908*. Chapman and Hall.  
*Testimonium Animæ, or Greek and Roman before Jesus Christ*. E. Sihler. Stechert, 9s. net.  
*The Pros and Cons of Vivisection*. Dr. Charles Richet. Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net.  
*Beautiful Flowers, and How to Get Them*. Horace Wright. Jack, 1s. net.  
*The National Gallery*. Paul Konody, Maurice Brockwell, and F. Seppmann. Jack, 1s. net.  
*Philanthropy and the State*. C. Kirkman Gray. King, 7s. 6d. net.  
*The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*. Bell, 10s. 6d.  
*Alcohol and the Human Body*. Victor Horsley and Mary Sturge. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.  
*Psychical Research and the Resurrection*. James Hyslop. Unwin, 5s. net.  
*Isms: a Series of Summer Sermons*. Rev. B. J. Bouchier. Skeffington, 2s. 6d. net.  
*English Figure-skating*. E. Benson. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.  
*The Origin of the Sense of Beauty*. Felix Clay. Smith Elder 5s. net.  
*Memoirs of the Comte de Rambuteau*. Edited by his Grandson. Translated from the French by J. C. Brogan. Dent, 15s. net.  
*A Monte Christo in Khaki*. Colonel R. H. Savage. White, 6s.  
*The Story of a Lifetime*. Lady Priestley. Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d. net.

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